VOL. 31 NO. 787 NOVEMBER 14 1896 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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THE "YELLOWEST" KID IN TAMMANY ALLEY.

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (JUDGE BUILDING),
Corner Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York.

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IT MAY be remarked of the result that that's what's the matter with Hanna, too.

* * *

MR. TERRELL is apparently the only man who can pull the sultan's royal oriental whiskers.

* * *

THE BOOM in wheat collided with the one possessed by the boy orator, with frightful results.

* * *

FIRST QUESTION to man with black eye and broken leg—"How did the wheel come out of it?"

* * *

IN CALIFORNIA recently a fire was put out with wine. Such wasteful calamities appall the human heart.

* * *

JAMES M. BARRIE apparently came over here, like Kipling, to hide himself from his American admirers.

* * *

A STILL, SMALL VOICE comes from the political débris and it says "Peep!" It is the voice of David B. Hill.

* * *

COLONEL JOHN JUMPER, the distinguished Seminole who recently died, probably took the golden stair in a few leaps.

* * *

IT MAY BE remarked, we think, that the greatest of the questions, "Have you registered?" has been settled along with the rest of them.

* * *

THE BASE-BALL CLUB of Louisville cleared five thousand dollars this year. Pray do not class these figures among the ordinary majorities.

* * *

UNREQUITED LOVE made an Oil City man throw himself over the falls of Niagara. Only insanity could make a man search for a lost woman in such a place as that.

* * *

SOME GOLD-BRICK MEN fleeced a few aborigines in Indian territory, and the victims killed them. And yet they say our copper-colored brothers cannot be civilized.

* * *

MR. WALES protests against a snap-shot which represents him in the act of scratching his head. Why so sensitive? Surely it is not reprehensible to give one's valet a rest once in a while.

* * *

IS IT NOT monstrous that the powers of Europe have permitted the assassination of one hundred thousand Christians rather than come together by representatives to agree upon some method of justice and mercy? The avarice of national power and ambition that has permitted this wholesale murder is the greatest crime of any century.

VICTORIOUS IN DEFEAT.

WEARY WALLY (*boisterously*)—"Haw, haw, haw! Afore I'd let a woman drive *me* outer her yard!"

WEAK RAGONA (*scornfully*)—"Wot would yer hev done—*taken* de *job* she offered?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

IAN MACLAREN, who puts our college buildings above those of Cambridge and Oxford, writes better Scotch stories than any American author; but it must be remembered that our scratching-posts are not habitual.

DEEPLY SIGNIFICANT.

KEEP AN EYE on Mr. Depew in considering the campaign of 1900. Mr. Bryan began his advance to the presidency by trying to be a theatrical agent; and Mr. Depew goes him several better by buying an opera-house. Your true statesman looks such a long way ahead that he has to employ an opera-house—or rather an opera-glass—to enable him to fetch the distance.

UPS AND DOWNS.

WE DO NOT believe that ex-Empress Eugenie will come here to attend the wedding of her god-daughter, Miss Bonaparte. She was once young and pretty; but alas! there is no art which produces bonnets and gowns exactly appropriate to age and consequent wrinkles and unhappiness. And again, the American Bonapartes, rejected by the great original, have lived to see the French ones become poor cousins.

LET THEM FIGHT STERN AHEAD.

SOMETHING must be done for the protection and continuation of the battle-ship Indiana. She rolls thirty-six degrees in a heavy sea; and that is as dangerous as the intoxication that rolls its victim at half that volume of water. And as the other battle-ships have been shown to be dangerous to themselves in certain emergencies, it would seem proper, not to seek for a disturbance, but to get our war-vessels in such a condition that they will be able to run away.

NO BACCHANTE.

THE BACCHANTE by Sculptor Macmonnies was not appropriate to the public library of Boston, any more than, good as it doubtless is, it would have been proper as a school or a church ornament. Think, moreover, of its probable effect on the solemn trustees of that institution. If they had the respect for it which would be signified by their acceptance of it they would feel obliged, logically and possibly by preference, to go out every ten minutes and take a drink.

THE IRISH-ENGLISH ROMANCE.

THE LOVE of notoriety which belongs to men like Tynan gets much encouragement from the fat-witted detectives who are so numerous and so expensive to English tax-payers. The cunning fellows make a good living, and are continually before the public, to their great delight. If there were fewer detectives there would be less fright, because the gentlemen wouldn't step on each other's toes with such perilous frequency. And, after all, there isn't a holocaustic conflagration every time you light a match.

A LAUDABLE AMBITION.

WE HAVE no doubt that Mr. Bryan would make a good theatrical agent, and he needn't be ashamed of his ambition in that direction. He tells a good story, he has a fine presence, he is genial, he touches the truth gently and with profound respect; and he has the theatrical face and would be unapproachable as an understudy in farce, comedy or tragedy. And can anybody tell us why a theatrical agent is entitled to less respect than a farmer, a rail-splitter, a tailor, or a gentleman who began life as a driver on some canal?

THE POLITICAL MAHOMETS.

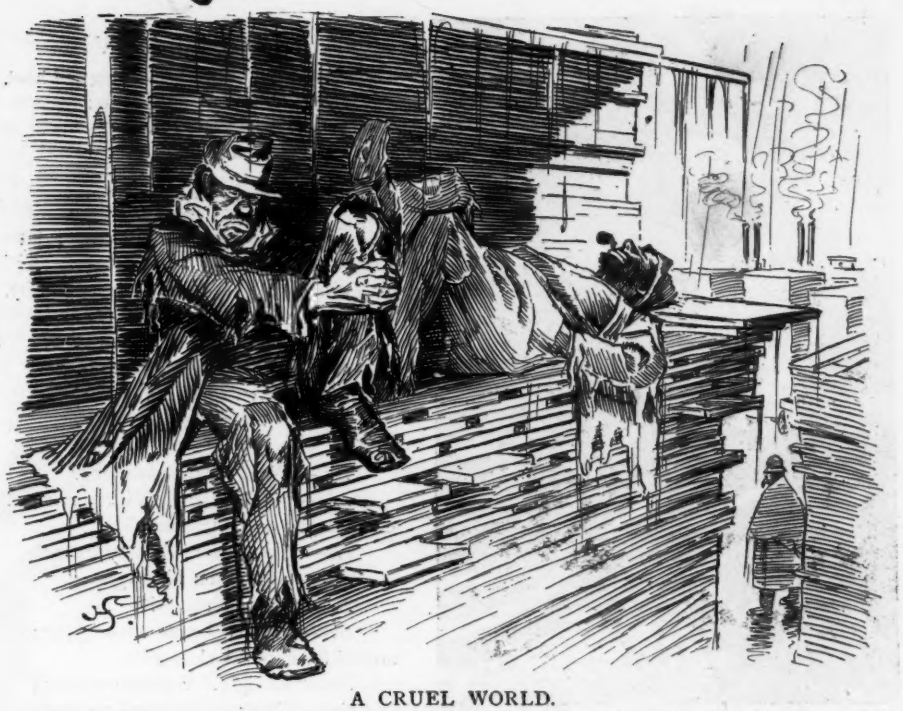
THE NEW THING belonging to the late campaign is that Mahomet goes not to the mountain, but the mountain goes to him. The tail-end candidates have had their day, and the Mecca at Canton sets the pace for the voting pilgrims of the nation in the coming national upheavals. The spectacle of the millions going to McKinley for personal consultation and approbation was as grand as it was unexpected and spontaneous. But the Mahomets must have cast-iron houses and grounds and be largely built of that material themselves.

HER MEASURE.

THEY are dancing the cotillon,
And among the souvenirs
Is a silver-mounted girdle
He has chosen. But he fears
That it will not fit the slender
Waist of her he loves so well,
And he whispers, "What's your measure?
For I really cannot tell."

Roguishly she smiles and dimples,
Full of sweet, coquettish charm,
Saying, "I should think my measure
Would be equal to your arm."

HELEN CHAUNCEY.



A CRUEL WORLD.

WEARY WILLIE—"Yes, poor old Slobsy lost heart completely an' committed suicide. He couldn't stan' dis cruel, heartless world no longer."
FLOWERY FIELDS—"Everybody against him, I suppose?"
WEARY WILLIE—"Yes; everywhere he went folks wuz offerin' him jobs."

THE DIFFICULTY.

THE receiver of a street-car line was interrupted in his work the other day by a complaining conductor.

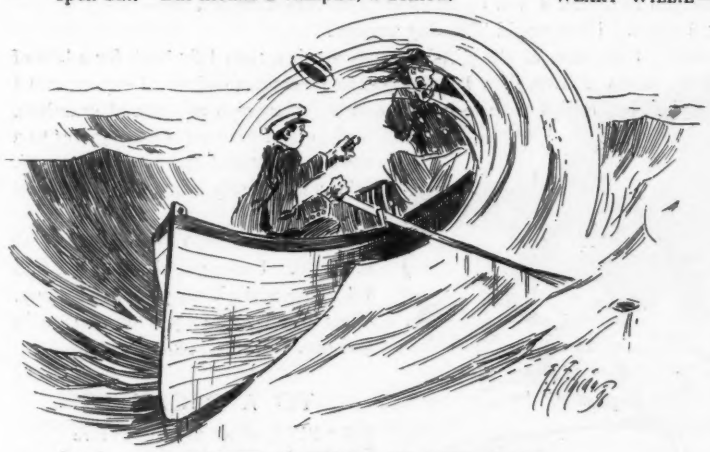
"Ef you plase, sor, there's soompthin' wrong wid t'irty-t'ree."

"Why, Mike, what is it?"

"Shure, sor, the reg*ist*er won't reg*ist*."

BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT.

BRYAN—Altgeld—Tillman. Initials, B. A. T., spell bat. Bat means a vampire, a demon.



A NATURAL WAVE IN HER HAIR.

A FREAK.

OH, I know a lass who's pretty, entertaining, wise and witty, strong of mind and very gritty, yet when on the street you see her
You will note her cloak awry is, that her bonnet all too high is, that, in fact, she quite a guy is—why, no maid would like to be her.
Not a glove doth seem to fit her, 'tis no wonder women titter, talk of her in language bitter when they meet her promenading;
For whatever 's odd she favors, and her taste, it seems, e'er savors of the dress-reforming ravers, always strange ideas parading.
Lo, her dress is out of fashion, it has such a funny sash on, and she shows peculiar passion for such singular decoration;
Beads and braid are there in patches, and her parasol ne'er matches, and her skirt 's so long it hatches comment, stares and cachinnation.
Ah, I tried hard to discover, being this strange maiden's lover, valuing no one above her, what the cause was of her capers;
And I found out to my wonder that the reason of each blunder was the faith she placed, by thunder, in a dozen fashion-papers!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

GETTING EVEN.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS JONES ran away from home in a fit of desperation and went to sea, hoping to be shipwrecked on a desert isle. He went away because the young lady next door to his father's house bought a piano on the installment plan and was learning to drum "The maiden's prayer." After two years in foreign lands without getting shipwrecked Charles returned home and got even by marrying the girl.

A WAY OUT OF IT.

Pat—"They do say the car nixt the injine be the most dangerous."
Mike—"Begorra, then why don't they lave it off?"

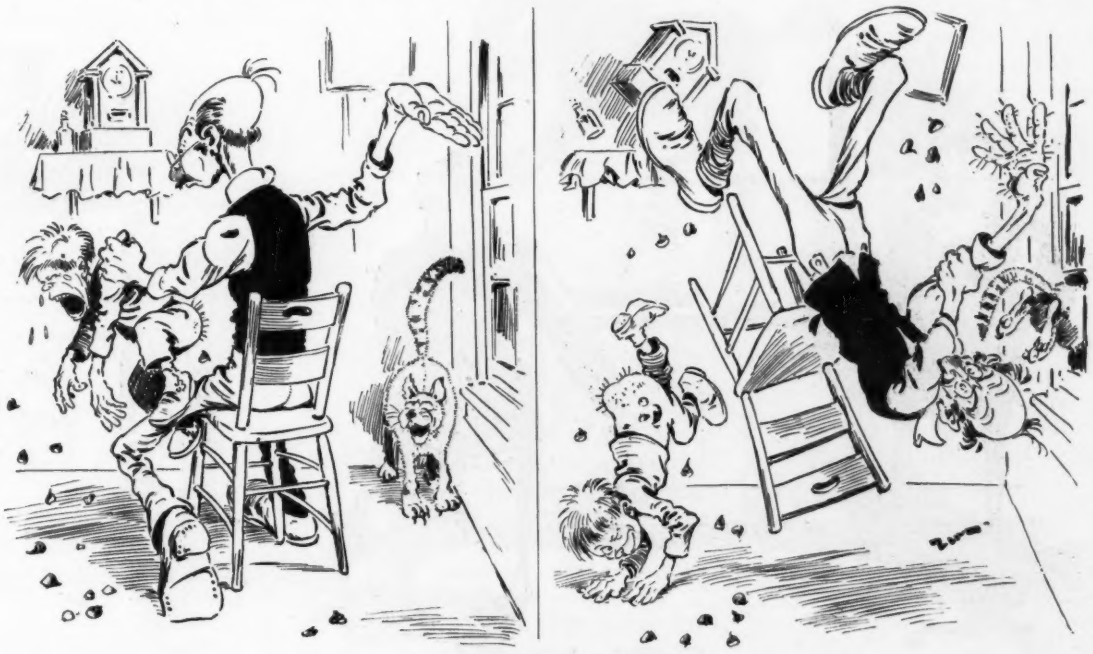
AMBIGUOUS.

OH, YES, she's a beautiful player,
But yet it is only my duty
To explain that I mean not her playing
Is beautiful—she is the beauty.

LIVES THERE.

Crawford—"How is it that the janitor of a flat is such an autocrat?"

Grimshaw—"I suppose it's because wherever he goes he generally gets in on the ground floor."



A SORROWFUL LESSON.

"I'll teach you to go chestnutting without leave." (*Crack.*)

TOMMY (*escaping*)—"Yer bet I knew my biz when I put dem unshucked chestnuts where I did."

Photo. by Falk.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MINNIE FRENCH AS "INNOCENT KID."

Once Mary had a little kid—
But, no! it was a *lamb* that did
The following her to school, and all that rot.
There is the Lambs club, it is true,
Amongst your following—but you
Don't seem to care much if school keeps or not.

SHE HAD MISGIVINGS.

"YOU don't seem to take what I say seriously," complained young Mr. Spatts to Miss Kittish.

"I don't," replied the maiden candidly. "I have my misgivings about a young man so addicted to the free and unlimited coinage of compliments."

WORTH A SECOND THOUGHT.

With romantic hope
She'd arranged to elope,
But she learned, with emotion great,
In that case she'd receive no wedding gifts,
So now she's content to wait.

POOR FELLOW!

ALTHOUGH he wooed her long and hard,
His love she seemed to shun;
She set no store by him because
He was a clerk in one.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

He—"I would like to have a little talk with you, Ethel. When may I call?"

She (kindly)—"You dear boy, why, *any* time."

He—"To-morrow afternoon?"

She—"We're going out to dinner."

He—"Evening, then?"

She—"We are to spend the evening too."

He—"Well, Thursday night?"

She—"Thursday night is my musical club, as you ought to know."

He—"I could come Friday morning."

She—"Oh, that's kindergarten."

He—"The afternoon?"

She—"Let me see—some girls are invited for five-o'clock tea."

He—"All right. Suppose we say Saturday?"

She—"The matinée! and we're going in a crowd. I couldn't miss *that!*"

He—"And I suppose Sunday"——

She—"Mamma never approves of Sunday callers. And on Monday we give a ladies' luncheon. I might ask you to dinner if you care to meet two ministers and"——

He (promptly)—"I don't. How would Tuesday answer?"

She—"Let me think. I am due at the girls' mission at nine, then I fly back for a bite of lunch—our art committee meets at two, then I come home to receive a call that I expect, and I must get in a little shopping, but I shall have to be at home for dinner on account of grandma, and—oh, of course! we are going to a theatre-party and to supper afterward. We could hardly manage it for Tuesday."

He (cheerfully)—"Oh, yes; I think so. I can get the day off, and I'll come and sit on your front stoop. Then I can talk to you as you go in and out."

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

PREFERABLE.

FAKING FARRAGUT (*agonizedly*)—"Blue blazes. Ef I'd known it wuz a nettle-patch I had ter make me escape t'roo I would uv surrendered ter de dorg at first!"

A FREE SAMPLE.

THE CAT—"Great Scott! no wonder that little pig is fat."

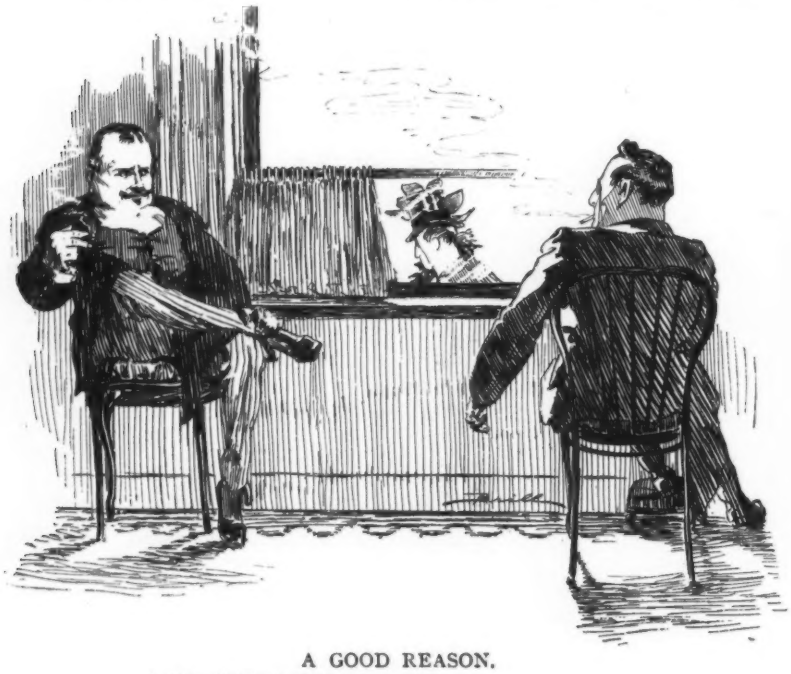
TO A DECANTER.

IN SPITE of all thy virtues rare
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk then thou art dry.

C. H. H. RUMBOLD.

THE SUPREMEST.

"PAPA, what's the supreme court?"
"When he gets her, my child."



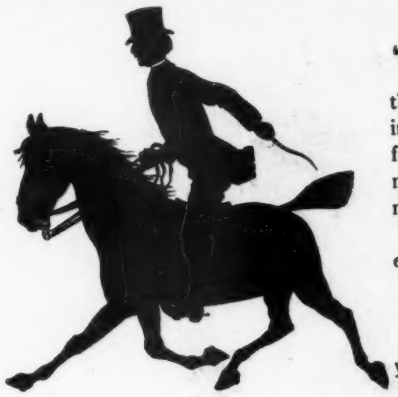
A GOOD REASON.

"Why didn't the fight come off?"
"One of the pugilists had an attack of 'writer's cramp.'"

STOCK QUOTATION.

Tobacco is strong.

THE DUDE AND THE BRONCO.



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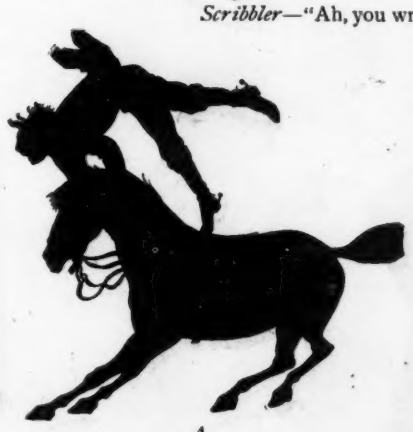

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A DEFERRED CURE.

PAT had been ailing a long while, and as month after month passed away and he was still unable to move about with his accustomed freedom he began to chafe under the restraint. The doctor had come to the conclusion that he was a chronic invalid, for all his favorite prescriptions had failed of the desired result. But he was a very sympathetic man, and every time Pat made one of his periodical visits the doctor tried his best to encourage him.

"Why," he would say, "you are a hundred per cent. better than when I saw you last;" and as Pat would shake his head doubtfully the doctor would continue, "That's right, Pat. Nearly every day some friend of yours stops me in the street to tell me how much better you are looking."

At last Pat grew tired of hearing of the improvement which he failed to feel, and he put a stop to the doctor's jollying by remarking, "Begorra! if Oi kape an improvin' at this rate, be th' toime Oi git will Oi'll hov died av ould age."

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

HE REASONED FROM ANALOGY.

"YOU are an enthusiastic fisherman."

Two travelers had been riding together in the same seat in a railway-car, and they had fallen into a pleasant conversation. This had continued for some time when the remark with which this narration of fact opens was made by one of the men.

The other looked intensely surprised and presently asked,

"Are you a mind-reader?"

"Oh, no."

"Then I cannot account for that remark of yours. We are perfect strangers to each other—natives of widely separated states. We never met until an hour or two ago. We have talked on several subjects, but not once did our conversation turn to fishing, although it is true, as you said, that I am an enthusiastic fisherman. I cannot imagine what can have led you to make that remark or to form such a conclusion. It is true that I have told you several stories of adventure, but I do not remember telling you any of my fishing experiences. One such did not get into our conversation accidentally, did it?"

"No."

"I thought not. Now, my friend, will you be so good as to tell me on what you based your remark about my being an enthusiastic fisherman?"

"I'll tell you if you will promise not to be offended."

"I promise."

"I noticed that you were such an exuberantly natural liar."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

LUBRICATION.

Having seen to his "ball" bearings, the cyclist got his "oiler" in order and carefully "oiled" the "inner" parts of the "frame."

THE NEW POKER.

Scribbler—"Have you seen my new book?"

Readly—"No, my boy. The usual novel, I suppose; full of hearts and queens and kings and diamonds galore."

Scribbler—"Ah, you wrong me, old man. My new book is a technical work—a treatise, an essay, a drawing card, my boy. I call it 'American poker as she is poked.'"

A FINANCIER.

Soiled Hooks—"If I live a few years longer I expect t' die a rich man."

Seldum Fedd—"How yer goin' t' work it?"

Soiled Hooks—"W'y, look at de money I'm savin' by not buyin' soap."

HE HAD SEEN MODERN ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sunday-school teacher—"Where did Adam and Eve go when they were driven out of the garden of Eden?"

Bobby—"Oh, they got a job posing for poster-pictures."

HIS FIRST COURSE AT YALE.

FATHER—"Why, my son Reuben! is it possible that can be you?"
REUBEN—"You guessed it, pop. I'm just that thing."

JUDGMENTS FROM MR. MCGARVEY.

IT'S wisdom a man has whin he foinds he hasn't it.

Hiven bliss th' felly thot smoiles whin he's croyin' wid graif.

A great many min hov bin kilt in dools, but none av thim doied.

Bad 'cess t' th' felly thot shlaps payple's faces behoind their backs.

Niver judge a man boy his looks, me b'y; judge him boy th' looks av his woman.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

NO LOVE HERE.

CUPID—"I guess I can't do any business here."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE DAY.

"EVERYTHING was all right," said Wheelright, "until my wheel struck a sharp rock."

"And what did you do at this juncture?" asked Walker.

"At this puncture I stopped until I could arrange a juncture."

NERVOUS.

First suburbanite—"That new cook I got yesterday was uneasy all the way out from town."

Second suburbanite—"What was the matter?"

First suburbanite—"I forgot to buy her a return ticket."

AN EYE-OPENER.

MOSE JOHNSON—"So all is ober betwix' yo' an' Miss Washboa'd, hey?"

ABE HARDCASE—"Yais. I fo't I could not lib widout her, but I foun' I was mistaken."

MOSE JOHNSON—"Whad opened yo'ah eyes?"

ABE HARDCASE—"I got a steady job."

THE LATEST SENSATION.

IN THE department of antiquities and curiosities the theatrical museum begs leave to offer an absolute novelty, secured after long research and elaborate expenditure. It is an absolutely clean play without a single suggestion of indecency, and it is the greatest find of the generation. It is too good for acting, but it will be preserved in manuscript and placed on exhibition, so that those who admire the drama can for a small fee stand off and contemplate the wonderful possibilities of the present age.

MOST CONVENIENT.

Mr. Ireland—"This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies."

Mrs. Ireland—"Is it?"

Mr. Ireland—"I should say so. If you are drowning turn to page one hundred and three and you'll see how to save yourself."

WHAT WILL IT BE WORTH?

Say, what will the last joke be worth—
Provided there will be a last?
Will it shake the whole earth,
Or bring little mirth?
Will the joy of the joker be vast?

Will it be that "The first shall be last"—
Conclusions forced on us by wags?
Will this jest that comes last
Be a thing with a past—
A Van Winkle with moth-eaten rags?

This last joke will not be a practical one,
For who will there be that will smile?
If the very last chap
Gives himself the last rap,
Why, the last will be hardly worth while.

J. M. F.

A HEROIC RESOLVE.

"SAY, Chawles," said the magenta blonde with hair the color of a new brick, "why is it that the novelists always speak of the heroine as having golden locks, or hair of a tawny gold, or shimmering tresses of gold, or golden strands?"

"My darling," said Chawles as he gently stroked the fierce coiffure, "let it be my pleasant duty to keep this beautiful head on a parity with gold and make it legal tender for all joys both public and private, forgetting the crime of 1873"——

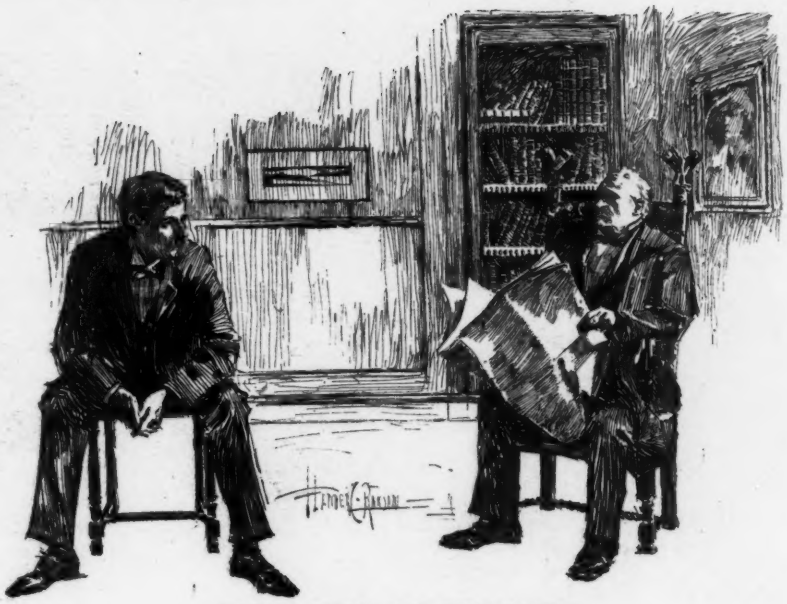
"You naughty boy!" said she; "that compliment is payable in the best coin." And she kissed him in such a reverberating manner that a china dog was jarred off the mantel and smashed on the fender.

AGAINST ALL THE TRADITIONS.

"THERE is one thing about the biographies of the presidential candidates that makes me skeptical," said Cynicus.

"What's that?"

"They were all so good when they were young. It is enough to turn one's belief in Sunday-school literature."



HANDS THAT ARE EXPRESSIVE.

"What were you doing Sunday?"
"Studying hands."
"Palmistry?"
"No; poker."

THE TRUTH BY MISTAKE.

HAWKINS and Simpkins were standing on the avenue, watching the brilliantly-gowned women in the carriages which filed past.

"There's Miss Dashy, Hawkins!" exclaimed Simpkins, bowing profoundly. "Fine girl—a corker!"

Hawkins bowed, but scowled simultaneously.

"Aw—er—no."

"No! Don't think Miss Dashy handsome?" cried Simpkins in astonishment. "Why, the whole town says so."

"Aw—er—yes. Handsome, of course. Don't mean exactly that."

"What then? She's grand style—well groomed. Fine woman!"

"Aw—er—yes. Not what I mean, either."

"What in thunder do you mean, then? What do you object to in the girl? Best family—large fortune. Everything perfection."

"Aw—er—yes. Not what I mean, either"—writhing in agony to produce the proper thought.

Simpkins was perplexed. "Do you mean you don't like her style of dress?" he asked at last, a gleam of light breaking over his mental fog.

"That's it; that's it!' with great relief and wiping his brow, heated with its unaccustomed nods. "That's it! Too mannish."

"You mean you don't like women who dress in imitation of men?" elucidated Simpkins.

"That's it!" with glad response at Simpkins's appreciation of his idea; "that's it! Don't like bad imitation of a man. You see, Simpkins" —with a violent effort—"I know I do it so much better myself."

A MISTAKEN PROXIMITY.

"I've a mouse in my hand!"
And the new woman clutched it and clutched it.
By the gods she *has* sand!
'While ago she would never have touched it.

And it really seemed
They were true of her grit, all those rumors.
But she suddenly screamed,
"I have grabbed him half-way up my bloomers!"

MAE ST. JOHN-BRAMHALL.

DOMESTICITY IN HEAVEN.

ESSIE sat listening to the mutterings of thunder that preceded a summer shower. "Listen, mamma!" she said, with tiny, cautioning hand uplifted; "zey're tackin' down carpits up in heaven." Then, when the storm burst and the rain came pouring down, "Zare!" she remarked disgustedly, "somebody 's upset ze water-pitcher an' it's comin' froo. I guess zat's gran'-pa. He allus was so calliss when he was here."

1. Professor Tankenstein got no applause for lifting that keg of lager——

2. ——and not much for the arduous head-balancing feat——

3. ——But when he seized the spigot in his teeth——

4 ——and *drained* the lager——

5 ——he not only made the biggest hit in the history of Frankfurt hall, but gained from the delighted audience all the bouquets, money and diamonds that were reserved for the operatic star.

A PHENOMENAL "HIT."

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THE POLITICAL T

"There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na' cross."

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

TICAL TAM O'SHANTER.

"The carlin claught her by the rump
And left poor National Credit scarce a stump."
—BURNS (*slightly altered*).

I'M GOIN' back down to gran'pa's.
I won't come back no more
To hear remarks about my feet
A-muddyin' up the floor.
They's too much said about my clothes,
The scoldin' 's never done—
I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's,
Where a boy kin hev some fun.

I dug up half his garden
A-gittin' worms fer bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid abed so late;
He said that pie was good fer boys
An' candy made 'em grow.
Ef I cain't go to gran'pa's
I'll turn pirate fust you know.

He let me take his shot-gun,
An' loaded it fer me.
The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree;
I had a circus in the yard
With twenty other boys—
I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's,
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out fer words
I didn't orter speak;
He told me stories 'bout the war
An' Injuns shot out west.
Oh, I'm goin' down to gran'pa's,
Fer he knows wot boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
But had to stop an' cough;
He rode my bicycle an' laughed
Bec'us' he tumbled off;
He knew the early apple-trees
Around within a mile.
Oh, gran'pa was a dandy
An' was 'in it' all the while.

I bet you gran'pa's lonesome,
I don't care what you say;
I seen him kinder cryin'
When you took me away.
When you talk to me of heaven,
Where all the good folks go,
I guess I'll go to gran'pa's,
An' we'll have good times, I know.

A. T. WORDEN.

TURKEY DRESSING.

CORROBORATING HIM.

THE inquisitive man saw a gang of laborers at work on the street and instantly became consumed with curiosity to know all about the object of their exertions. Bustling up to the foreman of the workmen, he said,

"I know it's none of my business, but may I ask what you and your laborers are doing?"

The man directing the work stopped in his instructions to one of the men, smiled encouragingly and replied,

"Certainly, sir."

As he did not proceed with his explanation the inquisitive man asked,

"Well, what are you doing?"

"It is none of your business," replied the foreman, who forthwith resumed the directions he had interrupted to satisfy the inquisitive man's curiosity.

ADVICE TO LEGISLATORS.

LOOK not upon the lobbyist when she is blonde, for she stingeth like an adder and biteth like a lightning calculator.

Do not sell your influence below cost, even if trade is dull and money tight.

Before returning home visit the barber's and have the blonde hair shaved off the lapels of your coat.

HIS TRAINING.

"I WITNESSED a queer piece of business as I was driving out from the village this afternoon," remarked the young man from the city. "A man who looked like a farmer drove slowly along ahead of me for some distance and then, when he came to the top of a rather steep hill, he whipped up his horses and dashed down it at a rattling gait; and when about half-way down deliberately leaned over the side of the vehicle till he fell out, alighting on the ground in such a manner that both the front wheels and the rear one ran over his neck. I was horrified at the thought that he must be seriously injured, but he scrambled up, stopped his team with a shout, climbed into the wagon and drove off as if nothing special had happened."

"Thoughtful-lookin' man with long, reddish-roan whiskers, wasn't he?" inquired Farmer Hornbeak.

"Yes; and do you know, he repeated the performance four times within the next three miles! Every time he came to the top of a hill he would whip down it, lean over, tumble out and be run over, get up, climb into his wagon and drive on again. Sometimes the wheels passed over his neck and sometimes they didn't, but he really seemed to be trying to have them roll over that portion of his person every time. I should have stopped him and at least demanded an explanation of his extraordinary conduct, but I remembered how dangerous it sometimes is to interfere with an intoxicated man."

"Oh, he wasn't intoxicated," replied the farmer. "That was neighbor Honk; he's figgerin' on marryin' agin, an' the bride-to-be is a hatchet-faced woman's-rights shouter. I guess he's sorter gittin' in trainin'."

TOM P. MORGAN.

1. A SHINING EXAMPLE.
UNCLE JOSH—"Naow thet I've got a shine I'll board this trolley-keer thet's buzzin' t'wards me."

2. A SHINING EXAMPLE.
But the car was the patent trolley street-sprinkler, and Uncle Josh was buncoed again, "b'gosh!"

TRAINING QUARTERS OF THE MODERN PUGILIST.

ICHIBAN.

Her brown little eyes are as bright as the dew
Which decks the chrysanthemum's breast—
So bright that whenever she passes in view
I feel like a being possessed.
Especially when she goes trotting about,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

Her nose is the smallest I ever have seen;
Like rose-leaves on gold are her cheeks;
Though pretty and playful, she's modest in mien,
And only in whispers she speaks.
Yet no one is like her in all the mad rout—
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

Her feet are quite slender and tender and thin—
And flat as her sandals of wood;
In standing and stepping she turns them both in,
As well-nurtured maidenhood should.
When she sees me she blushes, pretending to pout,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

Her sandals make music whenever they come;
For beside their tattoo on the street
They seem to beat time on my heart like a drum,
Till my spirit re-echoes her feet—
Those dear little feet which go tripping about,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.
—*Margherita Arlina Hamm in Mail and Express.*

The public knows that Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine and will not accept any substitute.

Smith—"I read so many cases of people being buried alive. Is there no remedy for it?" *Jones*—"The only remedy I know is for the legislature to pass a law compelling doctors to finish their work properly."—*Boston Transcript.*

It is a plain fact that twenty per cent. of the deaths in our larger cities are caused by consumption; and when we reflect that this terrible disease can be forestalled by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup shall we condemn the sufferers for their negligence, or pity them for their ignorance?

Teacher (severely)—"Tommy Smith, come here! Why haven't you learned your geography lesson?" *Tommy*—"'Cause the papers say there's going to be a change in the map of Europe."—*Chicago Despatch.*

"Those South Americans are so high-strung that they want to fight on the smallest provocation." *Crankshaft*—"High-geared, I should judge, from the number of revolutions they make."—*Brooklyn Life.*

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Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,
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Packer's Tar Soap.
"Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching."
—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

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Jameson—"How did you happen to miss the train?" *Gammon*—"I took the wrong 'bus to the station." *Jameson*—"I see; sort of blunderbus."—*Washington Times.*

It has grown up with the country for forty years. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* has been a household word.

Attorney—"You say that you witnessed this altercation?" *O'Hara* (on the stand)—"No, sor; Oi didn't see thot. Oi was busy lookin' at th' foight."—*Memphis Scimeter.*

"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it *economy* to use cheap soda and rosin soaps instead of the good old Dobbins's Electric Soap, for sale by all grocers since 1865. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

This makes the fifth year that I have followed *Leslie's Weekly* closely, and I am delighted to find that I can still continue to read it with much pleasure at a time when so many other periodicals are striving to put forth their best efforts. To find that the *Weekly* had at all deteriorated would have made a cessation in my collection, which, however, I still find profitable to bind as a reference volume and to preserve for others to read later on. Instead of simply remaining at a good standard, I believe the *Weekly* has continued to improve in its numerous features, and I would commend it to any friend as being peculiarly up-to-date not only in furnishing the news soon after an occurrence, but in the most modern style, with the best of illustrations. During the fall its political editorials have been remarkably sound, and the ideas there put forth were not only worthy of the space, but were also clearly and cleverly put. As political discussions were confined to this department, they could not have destroyed the interest of the publication to general readers. From these features one cannot help putting a good estimate on its staff of evidently brilliant writers. Very sincerely yours,
CUYLER REYNOLDS.
Albany, New York, October 20th, 1896.

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The Eugene Field monument fund, 180 Monroe street, Chicago, is issuing a souvenir containing some of the best poetry of the late Eugene Field. The price is one dollar, and the fund committee state that owing to the gratuitous contributions of eminent artists the value of the book is far greater than the sum asked. The object is to erect a monument to the "children's poet" and to create a fund for his family.

"And has he authority to condemn me to death?" "He is clothed with despotic power." "Dressed to kill!" shrieked the victim.—*Detroit Tribune.*

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR between the eyebrows or on Women's Faces permanently removed. 20 years' experience. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y.

There is a nice old lady in town who thinks it very strange that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can make such awfully cold weather by just falling an inch or two.—*Newark (New Jersey) Town Talk.*

OLD COINS AND STAMPS are in great demand. Rare issues before 1878 bring $1 to $4,000. Illustrated circulars can be obtained by sending two stamps to Numismatic Bank, Dept. J, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. McGuire—"Yis, Mrs. O'Hoolihan; me poor man Pat is gone. It wor fate thot kilt him." *Mrs. O'Hoolihan*—"Blissed saints! an' yez never'd guessed anything ailed thim—barrin' th' soize." Then the fight began.—*New York Press.*

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As a usual thing the best ideas are not original.—A West Union young man loved a girl for two years and didn't find it out till she didn't marry him.—As we go to press another European war is being narrowly averted.—*West Union (Iowa) Gazette.*

Weary reporter—"Any assignment for me to-day?" *City editor* (briskly)—"Yes. Go to Delaware and get a job in a powder-mill, and when an explosion occurs write it up." *Reporter*—"'Write it up'?" *City editor*—"Well, you can wait till you come down."—*Harlem Life.*

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Minnie—"The man I marry must be a hero." *Mamie*—"Yes, indeed."—*New York Dispatch.*

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She—"I think your friend is entitled to great credit for the way he is doing." *He*—"Yes; and the fellow gets it. He owes more than he can ever pay."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 151, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

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"Binks is a sort of photographic lover, isn't he?" "Photographic? What do you mean?" "Why, he's always bringing out negatives."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Student—"Last year I had six new suits made for me." *Friend*—"I didn't suppose there were so many tailors in town."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

JUDGE'S NEW YORK BUSINESS GUIDE

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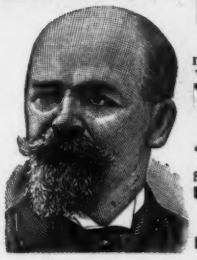

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MRS. VENEER (*apologetically*)—"Ye-e-s—but the frame is new!"
—*Punch.*

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CHOLLY BUCKFEVER (*who was preparing to finish the deer*)—"Thunder! Now where have I put my buck-horn knife?"

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BUNNY (*the rabbit*)—"Quick, Alice! we must escape through the ranks of those city hunters; here comes the farmer's boy with the dangerous musket."

ABNER—"Th' old cow 's 'bout gone, pap. Shell I knock 'er in th' head?"
PARENT—"No, b'gosh! Lead her over in th' partridge lot, whar I've gi'n thet city gun-club priv'lige ter shewt termorrer!"

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SMITH—"Sure! I generally kill a woodpecker in eight shots."

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